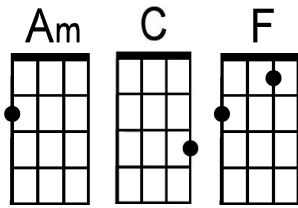


Ghost Riders In The Sky

by Stan Jones (1948)



Am | **C** |
An old cow-boy went riding out one dark and windy day—

| **Am** | **C** |
U-pon a ridge he rested as he went a-long his way—

| **Am** | |
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw—

F | | **Am** |
Plowing through the ragged skies— and up a cloudy draw—

. . . | **C** | | **Am** | |
Yipie i Aay— Yipie i Oh—

F | | **Am** |
Ghost— herd— i— in the sky—

| **Am** | **C** | |
Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel—

| **Am** | **C** | |
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel—

| **Am** | |
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky

. . . | **F** | | **Am** |
For he saw the riders coming hard— and he heard their mournful cry—

. . . | **C** | | **Am** | |
Yipie i Aay— Yipie i Oh—

F | | **Am** |
Ghost— riders— i— in the sky—

| **Am** | **C** | |
Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat—

| **Am** | **C** | |
He's riding hard to catch that herd but he ain't caught 'em yet—

. . . | **Am** | |
Cause they've got to ride for-ever on that range up in the sky—

| **F** | | **Am** |
On horses snorting fire— as they ride on hear their cry—

. . . | **C** | | **Am** | |
Yipie i Aay— Yipie i Oh—

F | | **Am** |
Ghost— riders— i— in the sky—

As the riders loped on by him— he heard one call his name—

If you want to save your soul from hell a riding on our range—

Then cowboy change your ways to-day or with us you will ride—

Trying to catch the devil's herd— a-cross these endless skies—

Yipie i Aay— Yipie i Oh—

Ghost— riders— i— in the sky—

Ghost— riders— i— in the sky—

Ghost— riders— i— in the sky— Am\